# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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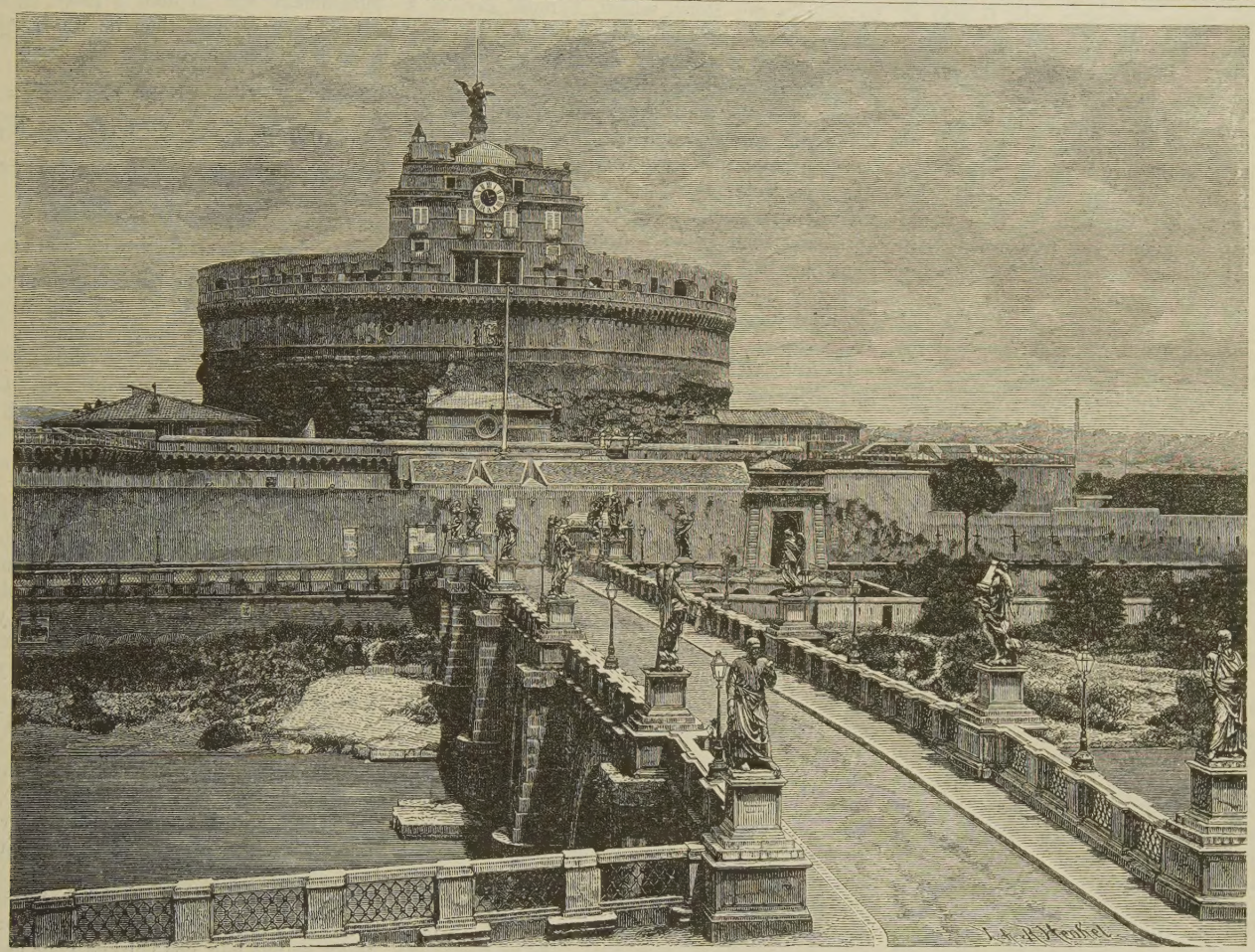

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

ST. ANGELO means the "Holy Angel," and this is the way that the great castle, which is situated not far from St. Peter's in Rome, got its name. The huge structure was built A.D. 135, by the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, as his family tomb. It must have been one of the most imposing buildings in ancient Rome, though Rome in the days of the Cæsars was a city of magnificent edifices. At the foot of the Vatican Hill, on the right bank of the Tiber, rose an immense basement, measuring two hundred and fifty feet on each of its four sides. On this was built a massive round tower, nearly one thousand feet in circumference, rising in height above the walls of the city. This tower was made of blocks of beautiful Parian marble, and on its summit were many marble statues of men and horses of beautiful workmanship. Within the walls was the vast sepulchral chamber. Here, in urns of alabaster and gold, were laid away the ashes of many famous emperors, — of Hadrian himself, of Marcus Aurelius, of Septimius Severus, and of his son the wicked Caracalla.

In the days when the Romans had to defend themselves against the barbarians of the North, the great tomb — or mausoleum, as it was called — was used as a fortress; and when the fierce Goths, under Alaric, rushed into the city, they despoiled the splendid structure of many of its rich ornaments. During the long Gothic war in the sixth century, the tomb-castle was held and defended by the Greek soldiers of Belisarius, who hurled upon their assailants the colossal statues that had been placed upon its summit. And so the "Tomb of Hadrian" lost much of its original magnificence, but continued still to throw its deep shadow upon the winding river at its base. At length, in the year 590, the usually quiet Tiber overflowed its banks. A terrible pestilence followed the inundation. Among its victims was Pope Pelagius the Second. As soon as his successor — Gregory the First — had entered on the duties of his sacred office, he ordered a great penitential procession in order to console the afflicted, and procure the divine favor. Arriving at the bridge, the Pope saw hovering over "Hadrian's Tomb" an angel sheathing a sword, while celestial voices were heard chanting an anthem of joy. From that time the old Pagan mausoleum bore its new and Christian name of the "Castle of the Holy Angel." At a later period a colossal marble angel was erected on its summit, which was afterwards exchanged for the angel of bronze which we see there to-day.

The complete history of this remarkable monument would reflect a good deal of the history of Rome for the seventeen centuries that the "Castle" has stood gazing into its shadowy outline on the surface of the Tiber. It would tell us of great funeral pageants; of wars with foreign foes; of civil strifes and family feuds; of Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes;" of Beatrice Cenci, Benvenuto Cellini, and other famous men and women who were immured in its deep and gloomy dungeons.

"But did Pope Gregory *really* see the angel in the air?" I do not know what the Pope "really" saw; but I think it was *some* "holy angel" that stopped the pestilence. So thought the writer of the Books of Chronicles of a similar event in the history of ancient Israel. For in 1 Chron. xxi. 14–16, 27, we read: —

"So the Lord sent pestilence upon Israel, and there fell seventy thousand men. And God sent an angel to Jerusalem to destroy it . . . and David lifted up his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. . . . And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."

## BEAR BROWNIE.

BY MRS. LOUISA T. CRAIGIN.

WILD bees store their honey in holes in rocks, and in hollow trees. They use the same hiding place year after year: often hundreds of pounds of wax and honey are obtained in this way, by those who know the habits of the bees and follow them in their homeward flight.

Now, bears are as fond of honey as children, and are capital honey hunters. There is a little bird called the honey indicator, who is said to help the bears in their search for hidden treasure, getting paid for its trouble by the bits of honey the bear leaves after his own feast.

When the big hollow honey-tree is found, Bruin marches round it and hits it a few hard knocks. If he finds the tree is pretty old and the bark crumbly, he scratches and scratches with his strong claws till he tears a hole; if it is too strong for that, he climbs the tree, crawls into the hollow, eats all he wants, and brings away great pieces of honeycomb.

It happened once that a big Mother Bear and a man had each an eye to the same honey storehouse in the heart of an old oak tree. The farmer had followed the bees home; finding the hole in the tree was large enough for him to enter, he climbed down, without asking himself how he was to climb out. The hole was much deeper than he thought, and he found himself in a close prison. He could see a bit of blue sky over his head, and when night came the stars looked down at him, and for a little while he saw the moon's round face, but he could see no way out. He shouted and hallooed in vain, for he was a long distance from any house, in the heart of a great forest. There he lived in that hollow tree for two days and nights with nothing to eat but honey. I am sure he did n't want any more honey for himself again as long as he lived.

However, he got out at last, or I should not have the story of Bear Brownie to tell you. I am sure you will think it was a funny way in which he got out of his prison.

Mrs. Bear had promised some honeycomb to her baby bear, who was only big enough to crawl to the foot of the tree while Mother Bear went up the tree and down the hole where she had often been before. Bears have a queer way of going into such places: they *back* down in the same way that a cat comes down a tree. We often talk of backing *out* as the best thing to do when we are in a wrong position; but to back *in* is bear wisdom. You see if a bear went down head first into a hollow tree, he could not turn round at the bottom, and he could never climb out again.

Now, the farmer knew bear ways as well as bee ways; so when he saw the dark form of the bear shutting out the piece of blue sky, he felt quite light-hearted, for he meant to make the bear help him out of prison. He kept very quiet so that Mrs. Bear should not be frightened too soon. Cautiously the clumsy creature clambered over the edge of the hole and began to back down, clinging to the inside with her big claws. The man waited till she came within reach; then, without asking her leave or making a word of apology, he grasped her little stubby tail with one hand and twisted the other in her shaggy fur. The bear grunted and shook her hind legs, but the man held on tight.

Mrs. Bear was terribly frightened by such a novel attachment. She scrambled out faster than she went in, dragging the man after her. She was so frightened at the queer sort of bee that lived in that honey-tree, that she never once looked behind her, but ran without stopping for at least a mile, forgetting all about her baby bear cuddled up at the foot of the tree, fast asleep, very likely dreaming of the sweet honey his mother was to bring him.

The farmer was willing enough to see the last of the big bear, but the little wee bear was quite another thing. "How much Jack and Jim would like a bear pet," he thought. "Then, too, if they see the cub the neighbors will be more apt to believe my story, which, I must say, is a strange one." So the man took the baby bear in his arms and hurried away in the opposite direction from Mother Bear.

The children were overjoyed to see their father again, and were delighted with their new pet and playmate, and grew very fond of him. He was about as large as a small Newfoundland dog when he first came. They called him Brownie; he shared their bread and milk and berries, and sometimes had a cake and some fruit. He used to follow the children like a dog, and stand on his hind legs and beg, flapping his fat paws up and down.

Brownie was very fond of sweet things, and sometimes meddled with things that were not meant for him; it was never safe to leave the treacle bowl within reach nor the hot spice cakes that the farmer's wife made for the children. In fact, Brownie had never made up for the honey he missed that sad day in the woods when he lost his mother, or his mother lost him, he never quite knew which.

As Brownie grew older he became really mischievous, and tore up the garden and stole the cherries; so the farmer put a stout chain round his neck, gave him a long pole to climb, and a house of his own to live in. Once in a while he was allowed to go into the woods for a run and a scramble among the big trees, but he always came home at night and never did any harm.

One night he did not come. The children were very unhappy; they waited until they were very hungry before they would touch their own supper, for there stood Brownie's bowl of bread and milk, but no Brownie. In the morning the farmer went in every direction in search of him, but no trace of the runaway could he find. He tried to think of something to comfort the children for their loss; and at last remembered that one of his neighbors had promised him a hive of bees when they had done swarming. He turned into the wood-road that led to the farmhouse. The old farmer was very glad to see him, and said he had a fine young swarm, just hived, that he should have, so they took their way to the bee-garden.

As they came near they heard a great growling and crashing of wood and glass, and such an angry buzzing among the bees that it was quite evident something had happened. As they came round the corner of the brush fence, what should they see but Mr. Brownie in the midst of a bee fight! One hive was upset, another torn to pieces; about a hundred thousand bees were buzzing fiercely about his shaggy coat; honey dripped from the thief's big red mouth, and, alas for poor Brownie, twenty or thirty lively little bees were stinging his tongue and jaws till he was nearly crazy with the pain.

Both the farmers had to laugh to see the helpless way in which Brownie would hit out at the bees with his clumsy paws sticky with wax; for every foe he drove away, twenty more, twice as nimble and ten times as angry, came to the attack.

At last, with great difficulty, the bees were driven away, the hives replaced, and Master Brownie carried home, — a sadder and a wiser bear. His master had to pay with good hard money for the honey Bruin had eaten and the mischief he had done, and Brownie had to pay for it with bad hard pain. His tongue was so swollen from the bee stings that for days and days he could eat nothing. He never stole any more honey. The very smell of it would make him run away. For a long while after this, if Brownie was obstinate or did any mischief, the worst possible punishment was to hold a piece of honeycomb near his nose, and then he was ready to be a good little bear at once.

## Golden-Text Stories. — No. 13.

### TEACHABLENESS.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

SUSIE entered the breakfast-room ten minutes after the last tinkle of the bell had sounded. Harry was already there, trying to divide his twelfth buckwheat cake into three pieces, that he might quickly get through his usual dozen and a half; but as the cakes were very thick this morning, it had taken four mouthfuls, and thirty seconds to consume each one. The waste of time that was thus incurred rendered him very indignant with cooks and society. Moreover, as Susie was late, she was losing the opportunity of being corrected by him as fully as was customary. Now he glanced up as his sister came in, exclaiming, —

"Oh, I see, a new way of fixing your bang! Well, as you please; but the next time you write a postal for me, when I'm in a hurry, just look out every word in the dictionary; for here is yours come back from Ned, saying he can't make it out."

"Perhaps," said his mother, "she wrote as fast as you eat."

"That is n't the point," said Harry. "I eat quickly and thoroughly. Susie does things quickly and unthoroughly."

Susie began to look tearful. "Can't help it," continued Hal. "Mother was out last night, and don't realize how you shirked your lessons. You did n't mean to, but you don't like to be taught. You don't know what per cent means, and you have been in Percentage a month."

"It is all the teacher's fault and yours; you don't know how to teach!" exclaimed Susie.

"*Parlons français,*" said the mother, and both children stopped; for Mrs. Jones had lately insisted that contradictions should be carried on in French, which decision generally ended any dispute.

As Harry left the table, Susie explained to her mother that if she could spell and do arithmetic her way, she would not have any trouble.

"Did you clear up your room this morning?" was the only reply.

"Well, yes, enough."

"You opened the windows, threw back the mattress, shut your drawers, and hung up your dress and hat?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"Well, no, not everything. I had reasons," replied Susie, sadly, but not saucily.

"You had better go to school now, and we'll see how it all comes out;" and Susie went off, wondering what was the matter.

At two o'clock she came home cross, declaring there was no use in trying any longer. The teacher had told her that every lesson had been imperfect, and would be as long as she thought she knew best how to study. "I'll have comfort somehow," said Susie, "so I'll change my dress and go to walk;" and she ran upstairs. Soon came shrieks of "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Who did it? You naughty —"

If any one had followed her, they would have seen her lifting her hand as if to strike the little, soft, gray dog that bounded towards her, but suddenly stopping, as he wagged his tail and leaped at her fondly. Then she put both arms round him, and sat down all in a heap in the middle of the room. She buried her bang in the puppy's hair, sobbing, "You dear, naughty Jack, you could n't help it, you did n't know better! You wanted to play, so you tore my hat; you wanted a bed, so you went to sleep on my dress; and oh, dear! the windows are open, and my upper bureau drawer is open, and the starch will be taken out of my collars, and mother will make me wear them all limp! Oh, dear! And I suppose the teacher does know the best way of teaching, and I don't! Oh, dear!" and as Jack licked her face, she rolled over on the floor and fell asleep.

When she woke up, she went to her desk, took out her journal, and wrote, —

*March 13, 1886.* Everything goes wrong, and it is all my fault. I guess I think I know too much, so I 'll make some rules.

RULES.

1. I'll do other people's ways in everything, and be willing to be taught.
2. Even when I don't like things.
3. No; I 'll like them, because it is proper.

## HALLER'S COMFORTING WORD.

BY O. M. B.

IT was at the foot of the hill, by the peanut stand, Haller said, that he heard the little boy crying. Of course he stopped to inquire the trouble, for Haller, although only nine years old, had learned to "look out and not in," and to "lend a hand." To the question, "What is the matter?" the reply was sobbed out that he was a long way from home, and was afraid of the dark; for you see it was early twilight when he stopped to look in the gay Christmas windows, bright with toys and electric lights, and time passed quickly; and when he glanced toward the street again, behold, daylight had fled, and the stars were peeping out.

But Haller quickly found out his name, where he lived, and that he was eight years old; and then how strong and helpful Haller felt! For was n't he nine, and had n't he seen a whole long year more of this world where twilights will gather? So he said in cheery tone, "I know where it is, and I will go part way with you." And off they started.

Haller, on returning home, hastened to tell his mamma what had kept him later than usual; and he added, "Mamma, when I left him, I told him not to be afraid, for God was in his heart, and He would not let anything hurt him."

Yes; surely we have not only a God who "watches over Israel," but an indwelling Father. Yet I am afraid we all, both young and old forget that truth sometimes, when our lives are darkened for a season.

## POOR OLD BOSE.

*(Strictly true.)*

BY J. Y.

"GET out of my way! Leave the room, and never let me see you again stretched out here before the fire, under everybody's feet!" So said an aged woman to an old family dog, as she came near being thrown down by him; and she stamped her foot at him. It was not the first time she had been almost tripped up by the dog, and this time her voice and manner got the better of her usual mild and gentle tone.

"Get out of the house, and don't let me ever see you here again!" The shaggy dog rose as quickly as he could, for he was large, and carried the weight of many years, and, with drooping tail, slunk out of the room as if he had been detected stealing from the pantry. Was he conscious of having done anything wrong? Did he purposely almost cause her to fall into the fire, — her from whom he had daily received his food, the one whose hand, times without number, had patted his head, and whose voice had addressed him with loving words?

All that day the banished dog lay in the shed, whither he had retreated; and although the door was often opened, as one and another passed out and in, Bose not only made no effort and showed no disposition to go back into the house, but quietly yet persistently refused all invitations to do so. And the next day it was just the same, and the next, and the next.

It was cold in the shed. The wind blew in through the cracks. Within, the fire burned brightly on the hearthstone, and the rug before it was warm and soft, but Bose sought not his favorite place. They called to him to come in, they whistled to him, they tempted him with food and with caresses; but he moved not. He would wag his tail, he would put his face up to theirs, and in a dog's endearing ways he received and returned all their tokens of affection; but he would not come into the house.

A week passed by; and one morning, as the door was unlocked into the shed, a heavy weight was found pressing against it. The door was pushed open, and there lay poor Bose, cold and stiff in death!

Did he die of exile? Did he die of grief, broken-hearted? Who can say?

THE conduct of our lives is the true mirror of our doctrine.

# History and Biography.

## A MODERN SAINT: HENRY P. KIDDER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Saints of the olden time were usually kings and warriors, or monks and nuns. Sometimes they were great scholars like St. Jerome, or again, they were very "humble folk" like St. Tita the servant-maid, and St. Veronica, who was said to have wiped with her veil the face of Jesus, as he went to Calvary bearing his cross. Very few of the old Saints were rich. Indeed, it was thought that rich people had but a small chance of getting into the divine kingdom. And when we think of the great number of people whom wealth has made proud and selfish, and of the many more who have sacrificed their manhood to their worship of Mammon, we do not wonder that, in the popular belief, riches and sanctity have been thought of as having but little in common. But in our modern world we often see those who have great souls along with their great possessions. Men have made money in this dear New England of ours, and have blessed the world even while they were getting rich, because they got their money in a noble way, and helped along the commerce and the industries of their fellow-men. Moreover, many of these rich men who do so much honor to New England have been such wise and generous givers in helping on the cause of religion and education, in relieving all kinds of distress, and in improving the condition of the whole community, that when one of them dies there are thousands who "rise up and call him blessed." They may not speak of him as a saint; but for all that, he is in their grateful hearts a man of sainted memory.

Such a man was Henry P. Kidder, the Boston banker, who died a little while ago, at the age of sixty-two. Educated in the public schools of Boston, he began his business life as clerk in a store, and rose steadily till he became the head of one of the largest banking-houses in America. Perhaps the best way for us to learn how he came to be so successful in his business career is to quote some of the wise words he used to address to young men. One of his sayings was this, "*I am not in the habit of being connected with things that fail.*" Another was, "It is often easier to do a large thing than to do a small thing;" by which he meant that, with courage and perseverance, the large enterprise succeeds because it calls out the best there is in us; while a small undertaking demands so little of us that we do not put forth strength enough to carry it through. One remark which he often addressed to the clerks in his employ is like a window through which we look into the habits of his own life. "Whenever you leave this place, leave it with your work done as if you were never to come back to it again." How well it would be for every one of us, if we could do each day's tasks in this thorough fashion, instead of leaving so many things only just attempted, or but half done!

But Mr. Kidder has left us other useful maxims which might help us to be better men if we would only follow them as he did. "It is impossible," he once said, "for a life of self-gratification alone to be happy. 'Work for some good, be it ever so lowly.'" I have not space enough here to tell how many good objects Mr. Kidder was all the time working for. During many of the busiest years of his life he was the superintendent of the Sunday-school of the South Congregational Church in Boston. He was for a long time the President of the American Unitarian Association, and of the Children's Mission and was treasurer or trustee of many other religious, or charitable, or educational societies. He gave to all these societies time and thought, as well as money. To the Unitarian Sunday-School Society he was a constant and a generous giver. But the best gift he made to us, and to the world, was himself, — the example of an upright, noble, large-hearted, Christian man.

"I have a Moorish plate," he once said, "on which is inscribed: 'Do good while you have opportunity, for the time will soon come when you can do no more.'" For him the time has indeed come when he can do no more on earth. But the character he wrought, and the golden deeds that he performed, live on in other characters that have been made nobler, and other lives that have been made happier by what he did. Of such men as he we never doubt the immortality.

## Our Letter-Box.

"I HOPE EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will flourish, and be a help to all who are working to train the dear children aright, as well as a pleasure to the children themselves."

So writes a friend, who sends with her letter the two hymns printed below. The Editor hopes they will please his young readers enough to be committed to memory, for they contain beautiful thoughts. He has long wanted to give in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY some poems suitable for recitation at Sunday-school concerts, for he knows such poems are wanted, but he finds it impossible to answer all demands with only eight pages in a number.

### CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

SEE! the sky is glowing,
Golden sunlight showing;
We with birds and flowers
Greet the morning hours.

May our happy faces
Be like sunny places,
And our merry singing
Like the bird-notes ringing!

May we, like the flowers,
Pass our happy hours
Making lives of beauty,
Just by doing duty!

For this lovely morning,
All the earth adorning,
Praise and thanks be given
To our God in Heaven!

### CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

THE great round sun is gone;
The night is near;
O Heavenly Father, bless
Thy children here!

The silent little birds
And folded flowers
Are sweetly resting now,
Till morning hours.

And little children, too,
May sweetly sleep,
For God, their Father, will
Them safely keep.

O God! for peaceful nights
And happy days,
And all Thy love and care,
We sing Thy praise.

### ENIGMA XIV.

BARNABAS and 43, 7, 19, 3, were preaching in Lystra.

There they 49, 2, 30, 41, 31, 11, 9, 22, 27, Timothy, the son of 10, 19, 21, 13, 49, 17.

He became their warm 1, 12, 29, 42, 48, 27, and went also as a missionary.

He preached at 43, 15, 46, 4, 36, 43, 43, 13, at 44, 16, 38, 47, 55, 33, and at 45, 15, 50, 23, 58, 35, 28, 5, 21, 29, 49, 7.

He was 35, 8, 37, 56, 11, the Bishop at 10, 43, 38, 17, 20, 19, 24.

He was probably 6, 46, 16, 15, Paul, when he died at 12, 18, 51, 53.

Paul addresses 37, 6, 26, of his 52, 43, 36, 32, 45, 39, 50, 57, to him, 49, 7, 28, 3, 29, 30, 25, him his "true child in 34, 35, 46, 16, 15," and 51, 7, 54, 13, 21, 14, frequent speech of his 28, 40, 41, 10, for him.

The fifty-eight letters used here spell an injunction given to Timothy by Paul.

### CHARADE V.

(A word of four letters.)

THE present tense of a verb is my first,
My second *you* know, — no one better;
My third, hot or cold, will quench your thirst;
My fourth is a most useful letter.

My whole is a name;
In the Bible 't is found
Whenever it 's spoken
It has a sweet sound.

### CHARADE VI.

FOR lowing kine and neighing horse
My first holds forage sweet;
My second is an *article*,
Yet not one good to eat.
My third 's a kind of fish that 's found
In river, sea, or lake.
My whole, apostle of our Lord,
For Jove, the Lystrans take.
They see the cripple walk, and fain
Would offer sacrifice
To one whose simple word could cure,
Who asked but faith, as price.

### SQUARE WORD No. 3.

A weight.
A number.
What fishermen use.

W. W. S.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 13.

Enigma VIII. Shakspeare.

Acrostic No. 2. James Garfield.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Jay. | 7. Ark. |
| 2. And. | 8. Rod. |
| 3. Moss. | 9. Fig. |
| 4. Eli. | 10. Ink. |
| 5. Shekel. | 11. Elk. |
| 6. Gold. | 12. Load. |

13. Death.

Enigma IX. — See Esther i. 6, Revised Version.

## For Youngest Readers.

### WILLING HELPERS.

BY OLIVE A. PRESCOTT.

THREE little children, — Charlie, Harry, and Trotty, — were each wondering "What can we do next?" to fill the hours of a dull, damp day. Their home was in a pretty English cottage on the other side of the wide Atlantic, and the pleasant nursery had a large eastern window where the sunshine would enter were it not for the heavy clouds outside. Charlie had been drawing and painting; Harry had many pictures beside him on the table, while a pile of papers with here and there an empty place showed he had cut them out himself; Trotty had just finished a frolic on the floor with her little dog, as the question each had been thinking of came from Charlie in this way: "I do wish somebody would make a nice, new game that had never, never been thought of before."

"Why don't they do it?" came from Trotty, "I'm so tired of all our games;" and the children started to see if some one could not give an agreeable answer to their question.

Big brother suggested a nice story, but found new stories not a fresh occupation, and at last mamma was sought.

"Mamma is very busy just now, — suppose you make yourselves into a little company of 'Willing Helpers;' Charlie shall be leader because he is oldest, and he must try to find pleasant ways by which he can help each of us; even being quiet and thoughtful will help very much if others are tired and need rest. You can put down a tiny little dot on this card," — and mamma handed each a pretty pink card, — "every time you do something helpful; and at night the leader shall bring them to me, and we will then see how much sunshine our little helpers have brought to us to-day in spite of clouds."

Night came more quickly than the children expected, and the pretty cards with many, many dots were placed in mamma's hand for her inspection.

Charlie's card had dots because he had helped to feed the birds, and water the flowers, been thoughtful to put away his playthings, and to find pretty things for brother Harry to put among his pictures and for little sister to play with; Harry's card had dots because he had picked up Mary's thread and scissors when they dropped, had carried different things from the nursery to other rooms, and had brought big brother's umbrella for him when in a hurry for the train; sister's card had large dots which meant that she had put papa's hat away for him, had closed the door very softly when she knew mamma's head ached, and had made papa feel happy because he found his little girl all sunshine when he came in from a chilly walk.

Mamma said, "Thank you, dears. I think our 'Willing Helpers' have been very successful, and, besides making sunshine for others, have found some for themselves. Shall we play this again sometime?" and a happy, joyous "Yes, please" came from each, as with a kiss they said "Good-night."

But Charlie lingered, and whispered, "I think it would be very nice to play this every day. May we?"

"Certainly," replied mamma; and "Willing Helpers" has become a lasting company in that home.

How would you like, little people, to play the same game where you are? Try it and see if you cannot have as nice a time as did Charlie, Harry, and Trotty.

THE YOUNG STUDENTS.

THE picture on this page "speaks for itself." How earnestly the young students are devoting their attention to their lessons! Play when you play, and study when you study, is an excellent rule for all school children. Too many boys and girls only half study. Their eyes may be on their books, but their minds are on something else. They are thinking of the good time they had yesterday, or of the "fun" they expect to enjoy when school is out. No good results can be obtained by trying to study in this half-hearted fashion. We must give our whole mind to our work, and not let our wits "go wool-gathering," as the old saying runs.

This reminds me of the promise which I made to my young readers in No. 10 of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, that at some time I would give them more rules about reading. Having already told you *what to read*, let me now commend to you these four rules on *how to read*.

1. *Read carefully.* To know what an author means you must first know what he says. Of many readers the saying is true, that "seeing they perceive not." Young persons are as apt to hear, as to see, incorrectly. "Why, I thought he said so," one remarks, when in fact the speaker or writer said something altogether different. The trouble is inattention, a very grave but very common fault. One of the boy-readers of this paper sent the Editor what he supposed was a correction of a sentence, which had been published in the Letter-Box, giving every letter of the alphabet. "That sentence," he wrote, "has no *h* in it." He had simply overlooked the letter *h* in the word *the*. Similar blunders on a larger scale are made continually by careless readers.

It is always a poor plan to "skim a book." If the book is worth reading, it should be read attentively. Even in a novel — if it is a good novel — there are beauties of style, charms of description, and well chosen expressions, which may be enjoyed as well as the delineation of character and the development of the plot.

2. *"Read actively, and not passively;"* in other words, understand what you read. Keep all your mental powers in exercise, — the faculties of reason and comparison, as well as those of memory and judgment. If you are reading history, have at hand your atlas and your book of dates, look up the events, persons and places that are referred to, and in this way learn to connect the particular history with universal history, with politics, literature, art, and science.

3. Read, sometimes, a whole book through without leaving it. Do this that you may drink in the spirit of the book, and may enjoy it as you enjoy a landscape, when you stand where you can take it all in at once.

Dr. James Freeman Clarke says he once spent a long day in reading the Book of Job from the beginning to the end. "It was a day much to be remembered," he said. Any of the young readers of this article might profitably devote a Sunday afternoon to some single book of the Bible, and so be brought into a close communion with the mind and heart of the sacred writer.

4. Form the habit of devoting your *odd minutes* to good reading. A friend of mine, who was a soldier in the Civil War, always carried in his knapsack a pocket edition of Horace's Odes, that he might read some of his favorite verses whenever he could snatch a moment's time. Have always with you, or near at hand, some good book to pick up in spare moments, — a collection of poetry, a handy volume of Shakspeare's plays, or "The Young Folks' Encyclopædia." Minutes are the golden sands of time. We should try to get the bright ore out of them, and lay it away among the durable treasures of the mind.

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### WHAT I FOUND IN AN OAK TREE.

BY UNCLE FRANK.

Several years ago, in the early spring, I was cutting some fire-wood on a high hill. The tree was an oak, and was a large one, being more than three feet across the stump.

Now, it is pretty hard work to cut such a large hard-wood tree, but this one was an exception. I found I had had some help, and that my helpers had put in their best work in the place that would do the most good, — near the heart of the tree. My helpers were a colony of black wood-ants. They had bored holes up the trunk of the tree near the heart, varying from one fourth to one inch in diameter. It always seemed strange to me, that so small an insect as a little ant could cut such hard wood with those two little nippers, even though they are as sharp as a needle. Suppose you try to cut some hard wood with two small needles, the ends curved so as to meet each other at the end! I tried it once, and soon gave it up as a bad job. These holes were as smooth as though they had been bored with a sharp auger, and sand-papered inside at that. They extended up the trunk of the tree for a distance of from twelve to fifteen feet, to where a large limb was broken off by the wind. When I had cut the trunk into short lengths, I split one in two, and opened one of the holes the whole length of the stick. It was in this stick that the colony of ants, or a part of it, had taken up their winter quarters.

It was no unusual sight for me to see hundreds of black ants, but what were those reddish-brown balls in among them? They attracted my attention at once, and upon examination proved to be *beetles*. I always carry a small bottle, and a pair of forceps in my pocket for just such creatures as these, so I proceeded to "take in" my "find." There proved to be seventy-five of the beetles. They were what coleopterists call *Atimeles cavus*, belonging to the family of *Staphylius*. They are "a queer-looking bird," as the Irishman called the tortoise, being long and narrow, this particular one looking like a long bed-bug. The wing-covers are very short, scarcely one eighth of an inch long, and the wings one half an inch long, — thin gauzy ones like a fly's, — all folded up beneath the small wing-covers. The part below the wings, called the abdomen, is turned up on their back when they walk; and one kind in South America lays her eggs on her back and carries them around with her, as also the young ones when they are hatched, until they are big enough to shift for themselves.

It puzzled me for a time to understand why those beetles should be in the nests with the ants, but I have finally concluded that they breed in the nests and are in some way connected with the winter life of the ants, for they are not found there during the summer. I have seen them in hot sunshiny days on newly sawed boards, having been evidently attracted by the warm bright look of the board.

In the same tree, I found several other kinds of insects that live in the wood during a portion of their lives.

In No. 10 of Every Other Sunday, Miss Freeman has told you about "A Caterpillar's Life." There was another kind of a caterpillar in that same tree, that had bored into the very heart of a large limb, and was eating its way out, slowly but surely killing that part of the limb it was moving through. If I had not disturbed it, probably, during the month of June, it would have come out in the shape of a beautiful butterfly. Just what particular kind it would have been I cannot say, for I must confess I don't know much about the names of butterflies.

In another part of this old tree I found a little hole, where a small branch had died and rotted out. In that hole was a funny little insect, a regular roly-poly baby, about a quarter of an inch long and half as wide, with a little round head set firmly on his shoulders, with no neck, and *such* a funny nose, nearly as long as he was, and he could lay it right down close to the under side of his body. It was another beetle called a weevil.

Perhaps some other time I will tell you about beetles that build nests.

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### A PAIR OF MAGIC SPECTACLES.

BY EDITH A. FISHER.

How I did long for a pair of magic spectacles that would enable me to see what people were doing, and what they really were, while I should be invisible! What fun it would be! I was lying on my back under an apple-tree in the old orchard, and I half unconsciously uttered this wish aloud.

Scarcely had the words left my lips when I heard a rustle overhead, and looking up I spied a queer, kindly little face peering down on me from a frame-work of apple blossoms.

"So you want a pair of magic spectacles, do you?" a squeaky little voice said. "Well, here they are. You can wear them for a day." And then there was a rustle, and a bump on my nose; and putting up my hand I felt a pair of spectacles. They were very ordinary-looking glasses, with no appearance of magic about them; but I hurried to put them on and started out on my tour of inspection. At first it was great fun. I always felt that Tommy Moulton was a pig, and there he was coming up the street toward me, — a big, fat pig dressed in boys' clothes. How amused the girls and boys would be at school next morning, when I should tell them that Tommy was a real pig after all!

And there was that conceited Jim Osgood, who pretended he knew so much, and tried to lord it over the rest of the school, strutting about with a donkey's head on his shoulders.

But it was n't all pleasant, no, indeed! As I came near a group of girls, I heard one of them, who had always professed to be so fond of me, telling the others that I was awfully selfish. This made me very angry, but as I was invisible, it was of no use to retort.

It made me very sad to see some boys I knew stealing apples; and oh, how badly I felt when the kind old woman in the corner shop, who had delighted my youthful soul with lemon drops, turned out to be a chattering magpie!

I was getting thoroughly disgusted with my spectacles. Was everybody I liked to turn out to be something disagreeable? Were people so much worse than they seemed? Still I could not resist putting them on that afternoon in school and slipping up behind the teacher as he corrected our examination papers. "Nobody but a goose would have answered that question so," I heard him mutter, and peeping over his shoulder, to my horror, I saw my own name. Dreadful thought! Was I then a goose? If some one else were looking through a pair of magic spectacles, would he see a goose's head on my shoulders?

I rushed home and up to my room, where I could see myself in the looking-glass. I could see nothing there, for with my spectacles on I was invisible. However, the magic spectacles had lost all their charm. I would willingly give them up to the old fairy before the required time. But stop! one thing more I would try.

My dearest, dearest friend had not been near me for two weeks, nor had I heard one word from her. This had made me think very mean things of her in my heart, and consequently I had become bad-tempered and unreasonable.

I would put on my magic spectacles, and go and see if she had any excuse for neglecting me. It was with a great deal of trepidation that I did so, for what would she turn out to be? Would I not always regret having subjected her to such a test? But no, there she was, unchanged, sweet and patient as ever, nursing her little brother who was lying very ill with the measles. I forgot my spectacles and the disagreeable things I had seen, forgot everything but the mean, false thoughts I had cherished toward this dear friend. "My darling Bessie," I cried, rushing forward to throw my arms about her.

A soft whir, and I awoke to find that an apple blossom had fallen on my face.

"So it was all a dream," I cried, rubbing my eyes. "Well, I shall think of those magic spectacles with gratitude, after all."

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## Poems for Recitation

AT AN

## EASTER OR SPRING-TIME CONCERT.

### FLOWER SONGS.

(*Kinderstücke.*)

WRITTEN FOR "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY"
BY CARO A. DUGAN.

(For three young children.)

I. Clover.

All the wide meadows are sweet with clover,
Rosy clover-blooms fair to see;
Common as sunshine, but somehow dearer
Than other statelier flowers to me;
Loving to give on every hand,
Scattering fragrance through the land.

II. Buttercup.

Golden buttercups, catching the sunshine
While the heavens are blue and fair,
Then, when days are dark and misty,
*Making* sunshine everywhere.
Happy the season that can hold
Goodly store of your shining gold!

III. Violet.

Hidden away under meadow grasses,
Like a bit of the far, blue sky,
If we look close we shall find a blossom,
Right at our feet, so quiet and shy.
Quiet and shy; yet what were spring,
Wanting the violet's offering?

IV. (This Verse in Concert.)

Day by day the happy wild-flowers
Lift their heads to the sun's warm glow,
Gratefully drink the cooling showers,
Rocked by the wind, sway to and fro;
Then, as the night brings shadows deep,
Drooping their little heads, they sleep.

V. (Spoken by the Teacher.)

Children dear, if our lives are loving,
Sweet to all, like the clover here,
Having the modest grace of violets,
Full of the buttercup's sunny cheer, —
We shall be God's little human flowers,
Helping to brighten this world of ours.

## EASTER.

When dawns on earth the Easter sun
The dear saints feel an answering thrill;
With whitest flowers their hands they fill,
And, singing all in unison,

Unto the battlements they press, —
The very marge of heaven, — how near!
And bend, and look upon us here
With eyes that rain down tenderness.

Their roses brimmed with fragrant dew,
Their lilies fair they raise on high;
"Rejoice! The Lord is risen!" they cry;
"Christ is arisen, we prove it true!

"Rejoice! and dry those faithless tears
With which your Easter flowers are stained;
Share in our bliss, who have attained
The rapture of the eternal years."

We do rejoice, we do give thanks,
O blessed ones, for all your gain,
As dimly through these mists of pain
We catch the gleaming of your ranks.

Bend low, beloved; against the blue
Lift higher yet your lilies fair;
Till, following where our treasures are,
We come to share the feast with you.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

## THE DANDELION.

WRITTEN FOR "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY"
BY MRS. S. G. PRATT.

You gave me a flower, my little girl,
Whose stem you had twisted into a curl.

Would you know how its color, pure and bright,
Was gained so early in morning light?

When only an infant in lowly bed,
It raised to heaven its tiny head.

The sun up high, on its rapid way,
Sent downward many a magic ray, —

Its own true color of golden hue.
And the flower was kissed by the evening dew.

Deep in its heart the tint was set
That long remained, and is found th[illegible]
. . . . . .
The soul looks up in childhood's days,
And is filled from heaven with Truth's bright rays.

In after years, by storms oppressed,
It seeks its type and finds its rest.

## COMFORT.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## MEMORY.

I have a room whereinto no one enters,
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres,

While winter comes and goes — O tedious comer! —
And while its nip-wind blows;
While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose
Of lavish summer.

If any should force entrance, he might see there
One buried yet not dead,
Before whose face I no more bow my head
Or bend my knee there;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather
I watch there with clear eyes,
And think how it will be in Paradise,
When we 're together.

CHRISTIANA ROSSETTI.

## SPRING SONG.

WRITTEN FOR "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY"
BY M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

Your time has come, now hasten, little snowflakes,
To melt, and pass away;
The springtide hours are sounding gentle warnings,
Forbidding you to stay.

You came when all the earth was worn and weary,
And needed sleep and rest,
And wrapped the bare, brown woods and barren meadows
Within your fleecy vest.

You softened winter's edge in faithful caring
For bud and seed and root,
To give them back unblighted to the summer,
With leaf and flower and fruit.

But now the lengthened days and southern breezes
Their labors have begun,
And rivulets with overflowing waters
Are dancing in the sun.

And from their coverts in secluded thickets,
When morning skies are clear,
The birds come forth and seek familiar places,
With notes of hope and cheer.

Your time has come, now hasten, little snowflakes,
To vanish quite away;
The springtide hours are sounding gentle warnings,
Forbidding you to stay.

## THE "INNER EASTER."

Thy spirit is a breathing of thy God,
Pulsating in its chrysalis of clay;
The dust that tries thy feet that onward plod,
Is of the night, but thou art of the day;
Oh, let henceforth that day from Him grow fair,
And thou shalt hold an inner Easter there.

E. W. SHURTLEFF.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee over there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King, thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

## THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

Ah, yet when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of wider scope
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will sure appear
Of what we are together here.

LORD HOUGHTON.

# Teachers' Department.

## NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 25. Teachableness. No. 26. Humility.

*Teachableness.* The duty of having an open mind and a teachable disposition is taught in the familiar saying of Jesus: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall in no wise enter therein." Willingness, even eagerness, to learn is one characteristic of unspoiled childhood. Children may rebel against our methods of instruction, but they are all the time learning something. An active child is an animated interrogation point. Jesus no doubt meant to emphasize the humility and dependence of childhood as the essential conditions of entrance to the divine kingdom. Religion begins in the sense of need and dependence. But one cannot take the first step forward in the religious life, who has not the docile heart, the willingness to be taught of the Spirit, and to be led into all truth.

George MacDonald calls the Word or the Truth of God — to which the soul of man should be ever open — "*the uttered Being of God*," and he goes on to explain his meaning in these notable sentences: "By the *Word of God* I do not understand the Bible. The Bible is *a* Word of God, the chief of his written words, because it tells us of the Word, the Christ; but everything God has done and given man to know is a word of his . . . the reception of which is man's life. By the Word of God I must understand, in the deepest sense, every revelation of Himself in the heart and consciousness of man. . . . No word is fully a Word *of* God until it is a Word *to* man, until the man therein recognizes God. This is that for which the Word is spoken." ("Unspoken Sermons," pp. 142, 143.)

*Humility.* The teacher may be helped to see how *divine* is the grace of humility by reading a suggestive sermon in the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's "Faith and Freedom" (pp. 45–58). It is a sermon on "The Childhood of God." "In that exquisite unconsciousness of self which belongs to childhood, and which adorns it with the beauty of an eternal morning, we recognize one of the elements of the Divine Perfection." This unconsciousness of self, the throwing of self into the life of all that one loves and sees and hears, is seen also in all earth's greatest souls. It is the crowning grace of the character of Jesus, who could say of himself in the spirit of true humility, "I am meek and lowly of heart." The possessor of this grace can always give rest to the souls of those that will learn of him and will take upon themselves the "easy yoke." Jesus is the pattern of humility, not because he thought little of himself, but because he thought not of himself at all, — that is, of his own gratification, or gain, or advantage, — but only of the Father's glory and the good of man.

## OUR QUESTION-BOX.

*If a class of young people is without its regular teacher for a time, is it the best plan for the members to care for themselves?*

It is impossible to give a general answer to this question. If we knew the class, the line of study, and the difficulties (few or many) of getting a substitute, our decision would be quickly made. We have tried this "by themselves" method, and seen it succeed admirably; in other cases it has as signally failed. Where the lessons are not too severe, and where the scholars are in earnest, the class can do some good work by rotation of teachers and pupils among themselves. There is a sense of responsibility urging each one on to effort.

*Should teachers wear their best clothes to Sunday-school?*

This question comes from one of our most active workers. Our reply must have an "if," like the preceding one. Presupposing that a teacher's attire, even at its best, is of unobtrusive character, we think she ought to wear it; good clothes befit good places. But the question undoubtedly refers to what might be termed fashionable and costly garments, jewelry, etc. In our judgment, they ought not to be worn in Sunday-school, for these reasons. The simplicity of the gospel is somewhat injured by its representative; girls, especially, are too prone to discuss dress and fashion in lesson-hours, and they should not be stimulated more by their teacher's contagious nearness; the environment of such apparel must be more or less of a hindrance to the teacher's freedom and self-forgetfulness, for fine clothes are in danger of injury from dust, contact, etc., and the wearer is conscious of it; in some schools, this elaborate dress would put a chasm between the pupils and the adorned teacher, — "she is proud;" lastly, it is not in good taste. We assume that the question refers only to lady teachers.

*Do not the manners of a teacher make more difference than her age?*

Decidedly. Children love the teacher who loves them, and who, by her bearing and hearty manner, shows interest in them. This is true of teachers at fifty, or twenty, years of age. The reason why children seem to like young teachers better than older ones has its source in the cause that makes them like young people generally, — they find that older people enter into their ardor, and ideas, and notions, as a whole, with difficulty, and so they feel out of harmony. The moral is plain, — keep young in flexible sympathy and power of adaptation.

*Do children as a rule like ministers? If not, why?*

To the first query the Question-Box sadly answers, No. That is, speaking widely, children have not that lively affection for ministers which characterizes their relations to teachers and friends. Of course there are exceptions. Why is this so? The ministers are greatly to blame by their failure to maintain genuine and cordial acquaintance with children. The increasing tendency of a minister's study and vocation is toward thought and occupations which are somewhat antagonistic to child life and tastes. Parents too often imbue the child with an idea of the minister as an exceptional and remote kind of being. It is hard for the child himself to disassociate the minister from prayers, and solemn services, and funerals. Finally, ministers are apt to be dogmatic, and turtle-like; children dislike that.

*Do you think that parents care to have teachers call on their children?*

This is from a city Sunday-school teacher. Most assuredly. They appreciate the interest shown, and in turn develop more interest themselves in Sunday-school matters.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

From the new "Year Book" of the Somerville Unitarian Church we learn that the Sunday-school connected with that church has, exclusive of its Infant Department, a total membership of two hundred and seven, including nine officers, twenty-five teachers, and one hundred and seventy-three scholars. The Infant Department has fifty-six members. A Teachers' Association is connected with the school.

The Sunday-school of the Olney Street Church in Providence seems to be in a prosperous condition, judging from an account of it which is given in the "North Star," an interesting paper published by the "Good Will Society." Yet here, as with many other schools, an appeal is made for more teachers.

A large school of twelve hundred pupils and seventy teachers assembles every Sunday in Tremont Temple, Boston. Every part of the vast building, the auditorium, the platform, the two balconies, the side rooms, and the chapels, above and below, are used for the classes. Each session of the school is followed by a prayer meeting at which over three hundred persons usually remain for a half-hour service.

At the March meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union the subject discussed was "The Sunday School as a preparation for Citizenship."

From a neat handbook of the Unitarian Church in Littleton, Mass., we learn that the Sunday-school of that society now comprises twelve teachers and one hundred and ten pupils. Teachers' meetings are held every other week. As the children reach the age of about sixteen years they are encouraged to become members of the Church; and on the first Sunday in July of each year a service of confirmation is held.

## Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

### Class B.

*Books for Intermediate Pupils.*

Boys' Heroes. By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 187. Price, $1.00.

If some of the "heroes" here selected have not before been so considered by any boy-reader, he will at least want to convince himself of the reason why. This he will find easy to do; for Mr. Hale gives not only his authorities, but in some instances a full list of books to consult. Mr. Hale, indeed, rarely writes without giving his readers an incentive for further reading.

His twelfth hero in this book is one of his own invention, — just such a one as every American boy should strive to be, uniting in himself the purity of Bayard and Arthur, the bravery of Alexander and Horatius, the tenderness of Hector, and the courtesy of Lafayette.

Social Studies in England. By Sarah K. Bolton. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 193. Price, $1.00.

Statistics are generally considered dull reading, but statistics that tell of the growth of the world in brotherly love, in justice to our fellow-man, in better means for improvement, are not of that sort. Mrs. Bolton's "Social Studies" treat of the opportunities for higher education that England now affords her women, and the various departments she opens to them. They touch also upon her charities, her co-operative societies, her homes for working-men, and her profit-sharing corporations. Americans should find here much subject for thought. They cannot afford to be left behind in the march of progress, whether it be in the matter of education or of a higher interpretation of the brotherhood of man.

If we are to read, it is a very important rule in the conduct of the understanding, that we should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

Manners are often too much neglected. They are most important to men, no less than to women.


## FOR EASTER.

I. The Easter Services of 1884 and 1885, containing Responsive Readings, Prayers, Original Carols, Hymns, etc. Price, $2.50 per hundred.

II. The Easter Service from the new Sunday-School Service Book and Hymnal, with additional music. Price, $2.50 per hundred.

III. A new Sunday-School Concert Exercise for Easter, by Miss Kate L. Brown. Price, 5 cents per copy.

IV. A beautiful new Easter card, in triptych form, printed on tinted card-board, with illuminated initials, etc., containing choice selections in prose and poetry. Churches or Sunday-schools wishing a number of these cards for general distribution can have the name of the church or school printed on each. Price, $3 00 per hundred; 5 cents, single copy.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 *Tremont Place, Boston.*

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